

Broken Chair

Luna

I thought about it every day
While I was wondering in and out of the pink
You had to make another go
You were drowning in your wonderful drink
There's so much of madness here
So much that sinks
Act like you are, we're all in a terrible fable
What do you see

I'm running so fast
Gotta go where I need
Out on the road there
The devil knows what I see

Sometimes you gotta know
You gotta make it with a lot of the sane
Had to be another Joe
Drifting in and out of the way
So much I used to let by
Was so much like a kick in the head
Better be off and I better be able to see what's ahead

It's beautiful now
I tell myself I'm braver
Sorry somehow
Never know what it means to you